On the death of Captaine

RICHARD LACY,

VVho at that treacherous ſurpriſall at *Brainford*, the 12th. of *November*, 1642. being forced in the Thames, was drowned.

WEE ſcarce beleeve report; why ſhould it ſound
More like a truth, to ſay he's ſlain than drownd?
Heaven hath decreed his fall; but death ſcarce knew
A way like this, His ſpirit to ſubdue.
Canons and Swords, whole Regiments of Hell,
VVith their damn'd Oaths, did but as fuell, ſwell
His Val'rous flames: The dangers of the Field
Advanc't His courage, but ne'r made it yield.
Death knew this well; and therefore did conſpire
A ſurer way to quench this noble fire:
Shee drench't him in the waters; and they ſoon
Extinguiſh't this brave Spark: and when they'd done,
His Corps to Land returned; but withall,
At parting from him they in teares did fall;
As if they mourned that the Land ſhould have
And not themſelves; the honour of His grave.

FINIS 2.